

*Arc.* Then Ile leave you: you are a Beast now:

*Pal.* As thou makst me, Traytour.

*Arc.* Ther's all things needfull, files and shirts, and, per-  
Ile come againe some two howres hence, and bring  
That that shall quiet all,

*Pal.* A Sword and Armour:

*Arc.* Feare me not; you are now too fowle; farewell.  
Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought;

*Pal.* Sir ha:

*Arc.* Ile heare no more.

*Pal.* If he keepe touch, he dies for't.

Exit.

Exit.

Scena 4. Enter Taylors daughter.

*Daugh.* I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,  
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:  
The Sun has seene my Folly: *Palamon;*  
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?  
Yonder's the sea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles  
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;  
Now, no w, it beates upon it; now, now, now,  
Ther's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they cry?  
Vpon her before the winde, you'l loofe all els:  
Vp with a course or two, and take about Boyes.  
Good night, good night, y'ar gone; I am very hungry,  
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me  
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make  
A Carecke of a Cockle shell, and sayle  
By east and North East to the King of *Pigmes,*  
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father  
Twenty to one is trust up in a trice  
To morrow morning, Ile say never a word.

*Sing.*

For ile cut my greene coat, afoote above my knee,  
And ile clip my yellow lockes; an inch below mine eie.

hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,

He's bny me a white Cut forth for to ride

And ile goe seeke him, throw the world that is so wide

hey nonny, nonny, nonny,

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breast  
Against

Against. I shall sleepe like a Top cli

Scena 6. Enter a Schoole maste

Baum, 2. or 3 wenches, w

*Sch.* Fy, fy, what tediousity, & diser  
have my Rudiments bin labourd fo  
ye, and by a figure even the very p  
my understanding laid upon ye? an  
and how, & wherfore? you most co  
jave Iudgements, have I saide thus  
and then let be, and no man unde  
*medius fidius*, ye are all dunces:  
Here the Duke comes, there are you  
Duke appeares, I meete him and  
things, and many figures, he heares  
then cries rare, and I goe forward,  
up, marke there, then do you as on  
Bore break comly out before him:  
selves in a Body decently, and swee  
turne Boyes.

1. And sweetly we will doe it M

2. Draw up the Company, When

3. Why *Timothy*.

*Tab.* Here my mad boyes, have a

*Sch.* But I say where's their wom

4. Here's *Fritz* and *Maudline*.

2. And little *Luce* with the whi

1. And freckled *Nel*; that neve

*Sch.* Wher be your Ribands maids

And carry it sweetly, and deliverly

And now and then a fauour, and a

*Nel.* Let us alone Sir.

*Sch.* Wher's the rest o'th Musick

3. Disperd as you commanded.

*Sch.* Couple then

And see what's wanting; wher's th

My friend, carry your taile without

Or scandall to the Ladies; and be s

You tumble with audacity, and m